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CHURCHES & PREACHERS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41 —The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.
61.—Deserted Churches: 2. St. Mary's.
62.—The Rev. G. W. Conder.
65.—Deserted Churches: 3. Sacred Trinity, Salford.
67.—Cheeryble Brothers' Church.
68.—A Visit to the Parish Church, Ashton-under-Lyne.

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THE CHRISTMAS WEEK NUMBER OF

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On Thursday Morning Next, December 23rd,

AND WILL CONTAIN

TWO EXTRA FULL-PAGE HUMOUROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,

1. **THE MISTLETOE BEAU, in Nine Vignettes.**
2. **MRS. BOBKINS' CHRISTMAS PARTY, in Nine Vignettes.**

The Second Volume of the *Sphinx* will be completed with the number issued next week. A Title-page and table of contents will be issued shortly, and bound copies, price 5s. each, will be ready about the 16th of January. The Volume contains, in addition to a large number of interesting general and descriptive papers, the following articles:—

ART.—The Pictures at the Royal Institution; Manchester Architecture, &c.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.—Revs. W. A. O'Connor; John Hyde; F. C. Woodhouse; Canon Anson; J. A. Gardiner; W. F. Birch; Edward Morris (Sale); H. J. Betts; G. S. Allen; C. T. Watson, and others; and papers on various Chapels, Churches, and Congregations.

CLUBS OF MANCHESTER.—Union, Conservative, Reform, Clarendon, Albert, and Freemasons'.

DRAMA (The).—Dramatic Authorship; Mr. Phelps; Mr. Sothern; Mr. Bandmann; Miss Bateman; Amateur Actors at the Athenæum; *Caste; Home; The Winter's Tale*, &c.

HOLIDAY NOTES.—Wastdale; Ambleside; Three Days in Wild Wales; Alton Towers; A Walk to Styal; Over Nan Bield Pass to Haweswater; A Walk to Rostherne; Paris as seen by a Manchester Man; Disley and Lyme Hall; The Ascent of the Glyder; A Walk to Bramhall; and four Sketches from Ireland, by Edwin Waugh.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.—John Byrom; the Great Duke of Bridgewater; Humphrey Chetham; Jeremiah Horrocks.

LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.—Tennyson, Trollope, Swinburne, Mark Lemon, Lord Lytton, and Charles Lever.

LONDON PAPERS.—*The Athenæum, Illustrated London News, Bell's Life, Spectator*, and *Daily News*.

MUSIC.—The Gentlemen's Glee Club; Athenæum Musical Society; Church Music in Manchester; Behind the Barrier at Hallé's; From the Gallery at Hallé's; &c.

OFF THE RIALTO.—Bad Trade and Free Trade.

ON THE RIALTO.—The Preston Strike.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN MANCHESTER.—Cricket, Athletics, and Gymnastics; Wrestling; Football; Boat Racing; Billiards; Bicycle Contests; Swimming Races, &c.

THE THIRD VOLUME,

Commencing with No. 73, Saturday, January 1st, 1870, will contain a continuation of "Living Men of Letters," and "Lancashire Worthies," and various new and interesting features. Also, a series of

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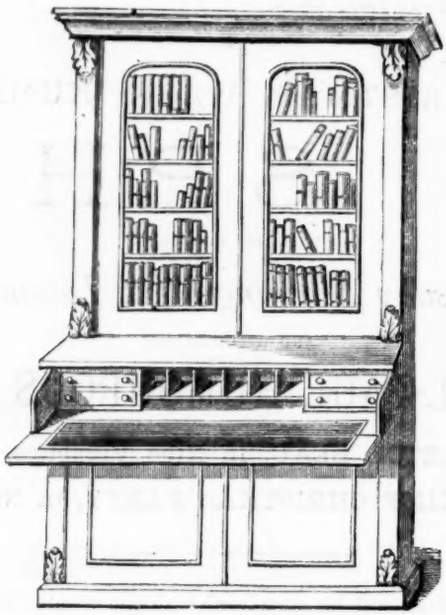

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FROM THE GALLERY AT HALLÉ'S.

BY A GOTH.

INTO the gallery first, if you please, and a nice piece of work this "into" is! We start from our peaceful home at six o'clock; we arrive at the Free Trade Hall at twenty minutes past; we enter the gallery at twenty minutes to seven. In other words, it takes us exactly as long to traverse the colonnade and mount the stairs of the hall as it did to walk the mile and a quarter which lie between our home and Peter Street. "Happy thought" for gallery ticket holders:—Always be very early or nearly late. Enter with the first rush, and you get a seat. Enter just before the concert commences, and you wriggle into some hole or corner where, though you have to stand, you fare no worse than lots of unhappy victims who have already been standing for half an hour. It is wonderful how late-comers pop into places apparently left on purpose for them. We are acquainted with one gentleman who invariably makes a point of lounging into the gallery just five minutes before Mr. Hallé assumes his bâton—in fact, just while everybody's eyes are fixed on the members of the band, as they take their places, and create a Babel of discordant tunings. Whether it is owing to this rapt attention on the part of the audience, or to his own eel-like powers of wriggling, at any rate our friend gets about the best standing place in the whole gallery, and often enough contrives a seat for himself before the evening is over. There is usually a last resource for the very late in the two ends of the gallery, at the back, or rather at either side, of the orchestra. Of course it is a nuisance to sit behind the singers, also to be so near the many-voiced chorus and the organ; but then there is a seat, and a seat is no small consideration when the alternative is three hours' continuous standing. Witness, ye weary ladies, who stood from seven to half-past ten o'clock on the *Judas Maccabæus* night, December 9th, 1869! Did we not hear certain sighs behind us, and were we not painfully conscious of sundry shufflings, and movings from foot to foot, as female nature grew tired of one position? Why then, in the name of all that is courteous, did we not offer our seat to one at least of these afflicted fair ones? Well, simply because no female creature—especially when, as in these instances, of the stout, stoutish—could possibly have accommodated herself and her garments to the half-dozen square inches of space wherein we were squatted, with our knees nearly on a level with our eyes, and our lower members attacked with successive attacks of pins and needles—a process commonly known as "going to sleep"—until standing became a blessed relief, and we looked forward to the intervals between the parts of the oratorio as a treat only second to Mademoiselle Nilsson's singing. We were crouched down on the steps between two blocks of seats. "On the steps," say we? On one step, we ought to say, and not all of that, either. The legs and dirty boots of a gentleman on the seat above took up a fraction of said step. The cloak and a portion of the body of a fair object, in front and below, took up another fraction. Behold us, a martyr to pins and needles, cramp, stiffness, and general aches and pains, on the minute fraction of step which was left! After this, who shall say that we are not fond of music?

Having got *into* the gallery by the last roundabout paragraph, let us proceed to moralize. Moralizing at this moment—*i.e.*, 6.45—means, first of all, a sense of fervent gratitude at having got anywhere, anyhow; next, a wish, which gathers strength as the pins and needles begin, that we had attended to the "happy thought" recorded above, and either been half an hour earlier, or as much the other way; next, a mild animosity against our immediate neighbours, which also increases as time goes on, until it blossoms into positive hatred of all seat-holders, and especially of the gorgeously-clad creatures below, who come, nonchalantly lounging in, towards their cushioned reserved places. Next, a careful survey of the opposite gallery and the reserved seats, to see whom we can see; next, joyful recognition of bosom friends, said recognition being kept to ourselves, as all salutations, even a wink, are impossible under the circumstances; next, sundry meditations over our programme, and an especial wonder why the words of this, as of every other oratorio when not actually taken out of the Bible, should be so poor, the lines so wanting in rhythm, the words altogether so unworthy of the music; next, a recollection of absurdities in English grammar and phraseology which abound in translations of Italian operas, making us hate the very sight of a libretto; and next——but here come the chorus and band, so a truce to moralizing, and eyes, ears, and thoughts upon the platform!

We suppose it is necessary for all the fiddles to undergo a final winding up and tuning, also for the audience to undergo a series of sounds which would set a donkey's teeth on edge. What a scene of confusion worse confounded the platform presents, with all these singers clambering to their seats and the band shaking themselves and their instruments into proper order! Confusion, however, is soon reduced to order, the two great banks of singers sit, tier above tier, music in hand, above the centre sea of instrumentalists. And all is order and readiness for Hallé and Nilsson, except—oh, confound those reserved-seat holders who *will* come fashionably late, trooping in, in continuous streams, at the very last moment, as if their time was so especially valuable! When a body has to pass right in front of the orchestra and down the centre of the hall, for goodness sake let it get itself out of the way before half-past seven; and lo! at this identical moment, there are a hundred bodies finding their way to a hundred seats. Perhaps if we could afford half-a-guinea we should be doing likewise; but then, you know, circumstances alter cases, and we are looking and speaking from the gallery.

A movement—that indescribable thrill which runs through a crowd at any critical moment, a sort of electric shock which passes from one man to another as in a moment; a clapping of hands and stamping of feet and sticks, first partial and then universal—and the heroes and heroines of the evening are before us! Signor Foli and Mademoiselle Drasdil, Mr. Nelson Varley and Madame Gilardoni, Mr. Hallé, with his pale, intellectual face, so worthily dear to the Manchester public, and lastly, led on by the polite and ubiquitous Duffield—he, who has trodden as many platforms, and appeared in as many societies as even our dear William Romaine, and is not that saying a good deal?—lastly, here comes Christine Nilsson, the second Jenny Lind! A fair, graceful, beautiful woman, queenly and winning—a vision of fair woman indeed! It is useless to describe a face which so many citizens of Manchester have seen, and which all may buy in photographic form; though no photogram, which we have looked at, does justice to her, and no photogram, or description either, could do justice to her winning smile and graceful movements. Of course, as a photogram cannot possibly portray any movement whatsoever, this last sentence is absurd, but let it stand. No head could fail to be turned by Christine Nilsson, and ours has been turned ever since we saw and heard her.

And now we humbly ask forgiveness. We—the particular "we" who are listening to *Judas Maccabæus* from the gallery of the Free Trade Hall—are not, as the phrase goes, musical. "As the phrase goes," mark! Of some music we are passionately fond, just as, though lacking an artistic eye, we could stand before some pictures, and gaze, and gaze on still, entranced and motionless. But our really musical friends tell us that we have no proper sense or appreciation of music whatsoever. Be it so. We are perfectly content with the title of "Goth." As a Goth, we have been more moved by a simple ballad sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, than by a grand scena from an Italian opera. As a Goth, we have yawned at the twenty-fifth minute, and fifth movement, of some elaborate and most classical concerto in X sharp, played in most wonderful style by the masterly fingers of Hallé. As a Goth, we do not care much for Oratorios. If anything, any evening, any playing, and any singing could have made us less Goth-like in this last particular, it would have been this evening, this playing and this singing, on Thursday, December 9th. But owning frankly, as we do, to our gothic and therefore necessarily debased taste, let us also frankly own, that if half the recitatives and several choruses had been left out—if Madame Gilardoni, Mademoiselle Drasdil, and Signor Foli (conscientiously and well as they did the work they undertook to do)

had stayed at home, and their parts had been omitted—always excepting that lovely duet, "Oh, lovely Peace, with Plenty crowned," in which, of course, we could not have spared Mademoiselle Drasdil—if, with this exception, Mdlle. Nilsson and Mr. Nelson Varley had been the only solo singers, and the Oratorio had been cut down by at least one third—why, Goth as we are, we should not have been sorry. And, having said this, we shall immediately take the first train for Chowbent, and not only hide our face, but never dare to open the *Sphinx* for several calendar weeks, lest we should be altogether overwhelmed by the angry remonstrances of indignant critics, who are really musical, and really understand and appreciate Oratorios. Only, for pity's sake, preserve us from the spurious enthusiasm and as spurious indignation of brother Goths, who are as unclassical and ignorant as ourselves, and yet who blindly follow where better men lead, and pretend to musical knowledge which they have not! Canvass area, gallery, yes, and even reserved seats, and we firmly believe that there are many more Goths besides ourselves in the Free Trade Hall, this Thursday evening, ladies and gentlemen who have come simply to hear a few special airs and choruses, and who will take away no abiding remembrances of the Oratorio beyond Mdlle. Nilsson's "From mighty kings he took the spoil," and "Oh, lovely Peace," Mr. Nelson Varley's "Sound an Alarm," and one or two of the best known choruses.

Mr. Sims Reeves has so often disappointed various audiences at various towns, that we have learnt to submit with a good grace. This evening it seems to us that no one has any reason to complain. "Sound an Alarm" is given magnificently, and the will of the audience overpowers even the generally inflexible will of Hallé. The chorus have to sit down again, and the latter part of the air is given once more. Encores in a lengthy oratorio like *Judas Maccabæus* are simply absurd, but not only did Mr. Varley richly deserve the honour, but we believe the Manchester public desired to show him how thoroughly they appreciated his prompt acceptance of a difficult part at almost a moment's notice.

Goth or no Goth, we sit still even to the end; but what shall be said for many of our neighbours, and nearly all the reserved seat-holders, to whom the commencement of the last chorus—and a grand chorus it is—seems the signal for a general rising and trooping out of the hall? It reminds us of that exceedingly witty, albeit exceedingly profane description in Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, wherein, after the first three lines of Southey's recitation, the devils fly one way, the angels another, and the whole audience vanish as in a moment. Certainly if we were Mr. Hallé, we should throw down our bâton, and save our band and singers the trouble of performing to a retiring and unheeding public. "God save the Queen" was never treated more cavalierly.

A ROUNDABOUT RAMBLE IN RUSHOLME.

THE majority of us, we fear, do not sufficiently recognize the value and importance of little things, and especially of the things that lie nearest to us; the wealth of thought there is to be got from the homely sights and sounds of common everyday life; the amount of pleasure there is to be derived from quiet walks through the plain unpretending fields and lanes that lie outside the city streets. The eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing. All increase of knowledge is but increased insight. But we are getting serious, so hasten to say that on the Saturday afternoons of these winter days, when fine weather is at a premium and daylight scarce, we become disciples of quaint old George Riddler, who said

> Let vales go sarching vur and nigh,
> We bides at whum, my dog and I;

and so we content ourselves with suburban rambles, one of the pleasantest of which we have found in the neighbourhood of Rusholme. Whereof let us write the chronicle.

That road which, as far as Rusholme, bears the name of Oxford, but beyond that point is indefinite in its nomenclature, is one of the pleasantest leading out of our city. We are never weary of walking along it; of peering over its garden walls or through iron railings at the green spaces and shrubberies within. True, the villa residences which fringe it are, for the most part, devoid of architectural beauty, but then it is a comforting reflection that we live *inside* our houses, and these, at any rate, impress one with a sense of solid comfort within. Sallying out along this road as far as the first entrance to Victoria Park, we take the lane opposite to it which leads on the right to Moss Side. We are now within the boundary of Rusholme, and the word Moss suggests something of the early character and condition of the locality. The early chronicles describe it as consisting of moss, moor, and marsh land. There was a great moss hereabouts, to which, doubtless, we owe this name. Taking a field-path to the left, we walk through the swampy pastures, and note that the rushes still grow abundantly, which gave the name to the place. The rushy holmes were flat areas of low-lying, damp ground. Rusholme, in its unhealthy dampness, is still true to its name, as some of the inhabitants can testify, to their cost. There is a pleasant outlook over these fields, which stretch away to more thickly-wooded land beyond. On days when the air is clear, one can see far over them to Alderley Edge. Following the path, it takes us by the rear of a farm house, supposed to be the site of the ancient guild-houses, or yield-houses, modernized into Heald Houses, a name still retained hereabouts, witness Heald Grove. The view of the village from here is not imposing. It consists mainly of the dwellings of washerwomen and laundresses, who cluster together in the dirty lanes that straggle down from the main road to the fields behind.

The soil is favourable to the growth of poplars, which may be noticed here in profusion. Through a cluster of them to the left, and over some meadows, the delicate spire of Platt Church rises from among the foliage. This church and its surroundings form a pretty picture, and we can almost forgive the sham which it embodies in its terra cotta imitation of stone, for the sake of the beauty of its proportions. Here, again, we come upon another ancient word. Platt, in the Anglo Saxon language, meant a place or sheepfold. Upwards of seven hundred years ago, in the twelfth century, this hamlet and estate of Platt was known by its present name. Then, too, as now, the name was associated with religious purposes. From a chronicle published by the Chetham Society, we learn that, about the year 1150, the lands of Platt were conveyed to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. After the Holy City had been wrested from the Saracens by the Crusaders, this order was founded, and a hospital dedicated to St. John was erected for the benefit of Christian pilgrims visiting Jerusalem. The lands of Platt contributed to the support and maintenance of this hospital, its knights and pilgrims. When the estate was reconveyed by the hospitallers to one whose descendants assumed the name of Platt, there was a proviso in the deed that part of the revenue should "for love of God" be devoted to keeping in efficiency, on the Mersey at Runcorn, a boat for the safe conveyance of those who wished to cross the stream. From the Platts, in 1625, the lands came into the hands of Ralphe Worsley, and here, again, we are carried back to the Crusaders. The Worsleys claim descent from Elias de Workesley, Lord of Worsley, a Crusader who, attending Robert, Duke of Normandy, in his expedition to the Holy Land, after many triumphs over the infidel, died at Rhodes, and was buried there.

Turning along a path to the left and proceeding towards Rusholme, we pass under the shade of poplars, and by the church and the pleasant park land which stretches away from it, tree-dotted to the woods which close it in. The land for the church (yclept Holy Trinity) was given by Mr. Thos. Carill Worsley; the building was also erected by him, at a cost of £3,600. The hall stands behind the trees that shade it, and in the rear of the church. Passing along the lane, you skirt the fence and outbuildings. In the summer the hall is mostly hid by the foliage of the trees; now it stands out through the bare branches, warm with its red colouring of brick. The old house of Platt was of lath and plaster, and not far distant from this. The present building was erected in 1764, and cost £10,000. As Rusholme and the country about contributed true and valourous knights to the Crusades, so it sent valiant soldiers to aid Cromwell in the Civil War. Among these was that Colonel Charles Worsley who was born here, and who figured prominently in the war and in Cromwell's Parliament. We are told that, on that memorable occasion when Cromwell went to the House of Parliament taking with him his soldiers, having displaced the Speaker and removed Sydney from the House, he uttered the famous words, "Take away that bauble," it was Colonel Worsley who removed the royal mace from the table.

Arrived in the main road again, one recognizes Mr. Waterhouse's chapel, with its steep gables, stained Norman windows, and slated spire. Houses, shops, villas cluster thick on each side of the road towards town. We turn to the right, and, having walked a little way, leave the road again, and pass down a green avenue to the low-lying meadows of Birch on the left. The Church of St. James, a beautiful bit of work by Derick of Oxford, stands on the bank of the brook that runs through these fields. The rectory and school-house stand behind. Here again, in name and associations, one is reminded of ancient days. Here stood the ancient chapelry of Birch, founded by one of the family of that name, but at an obscure date. For its early history we have to go back again to the Crusades. Tradition tells a romantic story of a faithful squire attending his knight to the Holy Land, and suffering imprisonment and hardship with him among the infidels, and returning home he is said to have got the grant of these lands in return for his faithful services, in commemoration of which he erected a chapel here. Whether Matthew de Hathersage, Knight of Withington, did cede the lands to his squire, Matthew de Birch, in the way stated, we know not, but it would appear certain that the lands did come, in one way or another, by grant from Matthew de Hathersage to the Birch family. It is certain, too, that in the sixteenth century a chapel was erected here by the family of Birch. It was "a simple quaint structure of brick, roofed with grey slates, with a plain cross at the east end, and at the west a bell turret." Here, in their time, worshipped the Worsleys of Platt, the Birches of Birch, and the Siddalls of Slade. Slade Hall, the ancient residence of the latter, is a wood and plaster building of the sixteenth century, quaintly gabled, and still standing in Burnage Lane. In these meadows of Birch there are said to remain traces of the great Nico Ditch, or Devil's Ditch, made by the Saxons to withstand the Danes. Mention is made of the ditch in old surveys, but whether it had its origin as here stated, or was one of numerous Devil's ditches, can probably never be known.

Pursuing our walk, we pass the west end of the church and the pretty lych gate, and go along the field path to the hamlet of Birch, a cluster of houses at the angle of a lane leading from the main road. Hereabouts was born that Captain Edge, another parliamentary officer, who took the Earl of Derby prisoner after the battle of Worcester. His neighbour, Colonel Birch, also a distinguished Cromwellian officer, lived at Birch Hall, which you can see from here, with its farm house and outbuildings, forming a pleasant group, with grey slate roofs and gables, and with trees rising about it in a picturesque fashion. Colonel Birch it was who, being appointed a sequestrator in 1649, demanded of Warden Heyrick the charter chest of the old church, and, being refused, broke open the chapter house and took away the chest. They were strong Nonconformists, these Worsleys and Birchs of the Commonwealth time. Under their influence Nonconformity was preached at the chapel of Birch. Later, when they were compelled to worship secretly, meetings were held at Birch Hall, and later still Platt Hall was licensed for the preaching of the Rev. Henry Finch, some time pastor of Birch Church. From this dissent, under the auspices of the Worsleys, a chapel was built on the grounds of Platt. The record of its erection, still extant, is a curious and interesting document. The whole cost was ninety-five pounds, including tobacco and refreshments for the workmen. In 1790 this was taken down and rebuilt, and is now known as the Unitarian Chapel. It is a queer little building of brick, with a bell cot, standing by the road side, within a railed enclosure of grave-yard, and with trees and a clanging rookery about it. The question has been mooted whether the Unitarians have any legal right to the building. In the deed of gift executed by Ralph Worsley, it is stipulated that the officiating minister "shall be of Presbyterian judgment and practice."

Crossing the field, we go over the old moat and through a farm yard, round to the front of the hall. Somewhere hereabouts the Roman road must have passed, which is supposed to have come in a direct line from Longsight along Birch Lane. Some antiquarians say that here it turned round again to Manchester; others that it went straight forward over the fields and across the ford at Gatley. We saunter past the hall (which is completely modernized, and shows no traces of its ancient form) and by the rectory, and enter the churchyard. We sit down on a gravestone and muse. In imagination we repeople Rusholme with its ancient inhabitants—its knights, crusaders, squires, and villeins. In the old chapel, which has been replaced by this beautiful church, the rude forefathers of the hamlet worshipped. One can imagine them coming hither from hall and cot. The place is changed. Matthew de Hathersage, Matthew de Birch, William de Fallowfield, Henry de Rusholme, and many another worthy knight are gone, and their names only remain. The little stream flows past as it did in the days of the Saxon and Dane, always changeful yet always the same, like the stream of human life, of which it is a symbol. Its waters flow on and return never, but there is always water and the same ceaseless flow.

In the outliving power of names and material things, of which such a walk as this is suggestive, one is reminded of the old story of the monk who had gazed for many years on a picture of his monastery, and, seeing his fellow-monks dying one by one about him, had come to look upon this painted canvas as the only abiding thing, so perishable did humanity seem beside it. The generations pass away,

> Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
> And after many a summer dies the swan;

but the names outlast men and things, and remain as their memorials to succeeding races. With this our meditation comes to a close. We regain Oxford Road, and so home.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

BY A BON VIVANT.

I. INTRODUCTORY.—BREAKFAST.

IT is sad to think that there are some people in the world who, like Talleyrand's guest, don't care what they eat. But the question which agitated Lady Maria Clutterbuck still concerns the great bulk of mankind—What shall we have for dinner? Now, we don't mean, where is it to come from, because, for our present purpose, we must assume something as a base of operations, however small, while we endeavour to give our readers a few notions of the best modes of putting it to the best use. The Hubbardian cupboard and the best cook are "irreconcileables."

We have derived a knowledge of these things partly from those curious medleys called Cookery Books, and partly from practical experience. But there are books and books. Some of the older ones, if consulted, should be followed with care and discretion, for their receipts are models of bad grammar and pretentiousness "Take" so and so, they begin—"take your fowls," or what not—as if in warning against "taking" somebody else's. Dr. Kitchener's book, *The Cook's Oracle*, is one of the most entertaining works of the kind we ever saw; we had nearly said of *any* kind. It excels everything in its line as a literary performance, and is practically to be depended upon as far as it goes. It contains, also, in the introduction and notes, curiosities in the way of cooking which have come down from old times, some of which would secure an early introduction to Mr. Headlam. What, for instance, would the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals say to this: "Take a fayre pigge, whyppe him to deth"! The doctor was a physician and an antiquary, as well as a practical cook, and wrote his book for the benefit of his patients, and others who might have otherwise become so, like a benevolent man, as he was.

Many of the more modern works are deficient on many useful matters, and extravagant in others—useless, comparatively, for modest households with less than £500 a year to spend on the table and its adjuncts. Now we, in common with a very large part of mankind, have had to live on considerably less than that sum, and yet we have somehow or another contrived to live tolerably well hitherto. Our good appetite being supplemented by a natural taste for good things, we have had to exercise considerable ingenuity from time to time to satisfy our appetite and gratify our palate at the same time. And we maintain that a little practice will enable almost any one, in the same category as to means with ourselves, in living as well as a man of larger income. Now most people eat very nearly the same quantity each day, taking one day with another, and though variety in eating is not only agreeable but necessary to health, it is not variety at the same meal, but variety spread over several days, that is most beneficial. In the course of a conversation at Sir Joshua Reynolds's about Elphinston's translation of Martial, Garrick said to Dr. Johnson, "What, is Strahan a good judge of an epigram?" "Why, sir," returned the Dr., "he may not be a good

judge of an epigram, but, you see, he is a judge of what is *not* an epigram." To enjoy life and good eating it is not precisely so necessary that one should be able to pronounce absolutely on the merits of a particular dish, as that one should be able to tell what is bad.

To begin with the morning. Many people have a little bacon at breakfast. We have been surprised and pained to see (not at our own table, *Deo gratias*) people blandly and contentedly eating bacon with a distinctly-marked yellow edge to it—not the smoke-mark, mind, but as "reesty" and rancid as it could be—and buttered toast with it, too, sometimes. There is really only a nominal difference between this and the Eskimo with his train-oil-and-candle feast. We are driven to regard such doings as signs of imperfect development or disease, such as short-sightedness or deafness in the kindred senses. The usual materials for breakfast are coffee, tea, cocoa, and (rarely) chocolate. Of the last we shall speak further on. Of cocoa we have nothing to say, more than its general reputation for healthiness and nourishment. It is associated in our mind with some amateur physicking we underwent in our youth from a well meaning, but grossly-ignorant, jolly old lady; and we not only never taste it now, but never willingly come within sniffing distance of it. All this, however, is merely a matter of personal liking, or, shall we say, prejudice, and has no general application. Of tea and coffee we think it a matter of individual choice, and we do not want to fix a yoke upon anybody. We always take coffee, except in very hot weather in July or August, when we consider tea preferable, for we want to consume more liquid at such times, and weak tea is a great assuager of thirst, whilst strong or good coffee is heating in hot weather, and weak coffee is execrable, to say the least of it. Those who prefer tea we recommend to get good tea—that is, not low-priced tea. Green tea we have some time since discarded, for the lower-priced was, or we suspected it to be, adulterated, and the higher-priced was not good by itself, and was no perceptible improvement to black tea when mixed with it. A common or low-priced black tea will give a much stronger-looking infusion than tea of a better class, but the flavour, the taste, the *goodness* of the tea is absent. For our own use we prefer black tea. We find, from repeated trials, that it cannot be depended upon under 3s. a pound. We have tried tea from various places at various prices, up to "their delicious family Boochong at two-and-eight," but we have always been glad when it was done. It was melancholy, not to say, sloe. We couldn't live without tea, but we could not do with that

Nec possum vivere sine te,
Nec tecum

and our heart, oh, friendly grocer, fond returned to thee! The dealer of our choice we dare not name, lest we should trespass on the limits of the advertising department. We found him out for ourself, and recommend our readers to go and do likewise. A person can, with very slight care, make 3s. tea last proportionately longer than that at 2s. 6d., and all the time drink a much better cup of tea than if he had used "ever so much" of the inferior quality. We have occasionally been allowed as a great favour to take a few pounds from a chest, sent to some friend from his correspondent or relative in China, but we never found the tea any cheaper, or at all sweetened with the sense of obligation. One of the most detestable mixtures we ever met with, is orange or scented Pekoe. It is unpleasant, we consider, and the flavour is as difficult to get rid of as Patchouli.

You may scrub, you may polish the tea-pot at will,
But the scent of the Pekoe will hang in it still.

Of coffee we have not so much to say. It should be bought whole, or "unground," and there is no occasion to pay more than 1s. 6d. a pound for it. As much of the grains or berries as are wanted at the time should be slightly warmed, and then ground. For this you can get a small cut steel mill at the ironmonger's, at small cost. We always put a small teaspoonful of chicory powder to about two ounces of coffee. It improves the colour, and slightly improves the flavour. We have tasted coffee in France, and we didn't like it. It tasted always as if made with coffee-grounds re-roasted, with plenty of chicory and beans. We have tried all the varieties, German and Greco-Turko-Haymarketo styles, but we have tasted better than any at a little chop-house or cafe-restaurant in Manchester, and at our own table. The best way of making coffee is, we think, to boil it in a conical tin kettle for not more than a quarter of a minute from the first "boil and bubble;" or, better still, use a "loysel"—every other machine or "biggin" is useless. But the grand secret of all is—use plenty of coffee!

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE CONDITION OF ALBERT SQUARE.

CAN nothing be done to improve the appearance of Albert Square? It gets worse and worse. The very horses on the cab-stand droop their heads in the most dejected manner, and Cabby himself seems to have lost all his mirth. The ugly brick wall, now in course of erection, we suppose is wanted to enclose a space during the progress of the works at the new Town Hall, therefore we must put up with it, but the pavement is generally in the most filthy condition; the water does not seem to be able to get away, but remains in pools and puddles when other streets and squares are dry. The dreariness of the place is dreadful. The surrounding warehouses are all sombre and gloomy, and we almost pity the statue of good Prince Albert for being condemned to such a situation. To cross the Square at night gives one a fit of the dismals. It is not half lighted, and its approaches are infested with prowling vagabonds and bad characters.

HUMPTY DUMPTY HAS ANOTHER FALL.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* seems uneasy in its mind. On and after January 1st, it will be published as a twopenny morning journal, its evening issue being still continued. Miss Lucretia Mc Tab, it seems, is not the only "bit of gentility tumbled into decay." This announcement of the P. M. G's reminds one painfully of letting out the tucks of an old dress.

THE DEARTH OF "SUBJECTS."

We hear a great deal about the dearth of "subjects" in the medical profession. Medical students have been much commiserated on the scarcity of "meat" for them to shy at one another. Is there no pity for the scribes who labour under a still greater dearth of subjects? We mean local subjects—interesting subjects—none of your Œcumenical Councils. There is a literary famine in the district. Nobody will make a fool of himself. Nobody will let anybody else make a fool of him. What is to be done? The local satirists have put their scorpions out to grass, and, driven back upon their pipes, will grow quite genial. The local humourists will get as cynical, unless something is given them to be funny about. Won't somebody do something absurd? Won't somebody say something ridiculous? Where's Mr. Charley, M.P.? Has he been attacked with a sudden accession of common sense? If so, in the interests of local humourous and satirical literature, we hope he'll soon recover from it. What's Mr. J. W. Maclure about? Why doesn't he make himself conspicuous? Hasn't even Mr. Mercier got a new subscription canvas on his easel? Come, come, gentlemen, wake up, wake up. The genialist is bursting with bottled jokes, and the cynic is choking with gall. Now's the time to air your motley. Come forth and jangle the bells. If you be not witty yourselves, at least be the cause of wit in others. The poor scribe is desperate. Please, somebody, make yourself an ass!

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

Scarcely had we penned the above paragraph than we were reassured to read of Mr. J. W. Maclure, J.P., saying grace, and Mr. Charley, M.P., being chaired, at a Belle Vue demonstration. This latter amiable young man is really a very deserving person, whom it is too bad to be severe upon. The fortitude that can stand a round of political tea-parties is to be respected; but the heroism that can enjoy being laughed at, is to be revered. We grieve to see Mr. Charley, M.P., so much on the back benches at the assize courts. Is it possible that the Salford attorneys estimate him at a different value to that set upon him by the Salford electors? And is it possible that the assessment of the legal gentlemen is the correct one?

ANOTHER OF THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS.

A very bad custom prevails among the provision and provender dealers of the town, and notably in Great Ducie Street and Stretford Road, of unloading the waggons conveying their supplies at the front entrances to their shops. The consequence is, that those who pass by have either to leave the flags and go round into the middle of the street—no pleasant alternative at any time, and especially during the present

dirty weather—or run the gauntlet of a shower of flying trusses of hay and straw, or sacks of corn, pitchforked from the top of the load. Those who are used to it may dexterously avoid these missiles, but the uninitiated may congratulate themselves if they escape with nothing more than a battered hat. The carters ought to be made to unload their waggons at the back doors.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

We always said this company was swamped by Mr. Sothern. The new comedy, in which that actor does not play, is so successful that his return to the Haymarket Theatre has been postponed.

"SPEAK UP, SIR!"

The above words must be familiar to frequenters of our courts of law. Happy is the witness who is not querulously ordered half a dozen times during his examination to "speak up." Often, indeed, is the command necessary; for witnesses are a mumbling race. But sometimes it is quite unnecessary, and nearly always it is carried to excess. First the judge pitches into the unfortunate, next the counsel, after him a juryman, and with a most offensive air of sycophancy comes in the final kick of the subservient usher. This is hard enough to bear, but it is rendered insufferable when it is the constant and almost uniform habit of the judges to mutter their observations in such a tone of voice as to be nearly inaudible even by the persons spoken to. At the last assizes, the late Mr. Justice Hayes often could not be heard at all, however near he was approached; and this time, that learned lawyer, but by no means fluent speaker, Mr. Justice Willes, has not been much more intelligible.

"MANCHESTER TERMS."

In the trial of Harrison *v.* Morgan at the assizes this week, Mr. E. O. Bleackley, who was examined as a witness, remarked, "If I got cash before delivery, I would deal with his Satanic Majesty." Mr. E. O. Bleackley is well known as a cloth agent, a strenuous advocate of "reciprocity," and a strident public speaker and "reader," but we never knew before that he was in favour of a treaty with the Prince of Darkness. We had always supposed that one could not touch pitch without being defiled; in fact that it was advisable to have no dealings with the devil. E. O. B., however, appears to be of a different opinion, but we are inclined to think that in a bargain with the father of lies he would ultimately get the worst of it, and should recommend him to study the story of the devil and Dr. Faust. It would make an excellent subject for one of his penny readings.

THEATRICAL RECALLS.

The absurd custom of recalling actors in the middle of a performance, thus destroying the illusion of the play, reached its climax last week at the Princess's Theatre, London, when, at the end of the first act of *Hamlet*, the audience recalled the Ghost, and he actually appeared before the curtain. Alas, poor ghost! After his hour had come when he to sulphurous and tormenting flames had rendered up himself, to summon him from the vasty deep, compelling him in the flesh to bow his acknowledgments, and immediately once more to consign him to durance vile, was an act of cruelty equal to the original deep damnation of his taking off. We trust Mr. Alderman W——t, who appears to labour under the impression that the Ghost is the principal character in the tragedy, is now satisfied.

THE THEATRES.

With the exception of two nights when Mr. Sothern will reappear, the Prince's Theatre will now remain closed until after Christmas-day, the preparation of the pantomime requiring the undivided attention of Mr. Calvert and his company. Mr. William Brough is the author of the pantomime, which is entitled *A Froggee would a Wooing Go*. At the Royal, the "business," as it is termed in the theatrical world, does not improve. Lady Don, like her predecessor, Mrs. Lander, but with less reason, has been playing to almost empty houses. This is the more to be regretted because, in some very essential requisites, Lady Don is one of our few actresses whose performances we can praise without any afterthought or reserve. Of her qualifications, not even her personal attractions are the foremost. She sings with unusual finish and lightsomeness, and as an actress in burlesque of the better class she is the very essence of vivacity and frolic grace. In her ballad-singing, it is the song, and nothing but the song, that occupies her mind; while, in her whole stage business, it is evident that she is prouder of her profession than of her title. Her benefit is fixed for this (Friday) evening, when it will be a pity if she has to waste on a half-filled house so pleasing an exhibition of high spirits, kept in check only by natural refinement. A word of hearty and unreserved commendation is also due to Mr. F. Everill, Mr. Harry Thompson, and others of the regular company, whose acting is worthy of the best days of the comic drama in Manchester. To account for the lack of appreciation to which all this ability and genuine power has been subjected, it is simply necessary to recall the prolonged course of mismanagement on the part of the Theatre Royal authorities, and the total disregard of the comfort and tastes of the playgoing public with which that mismanagement has been accompanied. "Confidence," said Pitt, Lord Chatham, "is a plant of slow growth," and we may add that, once lost, it is not easily regained.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

6.—MR. CHARLES LEVER.

THE "Prince of neck-or-nothing novelists," as he is called, Charles James Lever, Esquire, Her Majesty's Consul at Florence, is *not* a Waterloo officer, nor a Peninsular veteran. It is well to assure the reader of this fact, for Mr. Lever has told so many stories about fighting and fighters, told them, too, with so much art and truth, and has so thrown himself into military life, that when we first read his entrancing books as boys, we always believed "Dr. Lever," as we called him—for we had an inkling of his *status*—was a surgeon-major to the most dashing and ubiquitous corps in the British army, and had been wounded at Waterloo, and (would have been, if in a foreign army) decorated on the field.

But you see how fancy plays with us. That somewhat fair, rotund, farmer-looking gentleman, with round shoulders, broad and massive; with the good-humoured face, twinkling eyes, thin hair, and capacious head, which looks as if it had done nothing else but superintend agricultural produce, is a physician, and has never been in the army. He is the son of a builder; was born in August, 1806, at Dublin, and for some time taught at home. But during those eventful years of our lives in which boys learn most, when John Leech and William Makepeace Thackeray, nor must we forget their school-fellows and contemporaries, Martin Farquhar Tupper and George—we will spare the rest of the names, not Christian in this case—Reynolds, the penny blood-and-thunder novelist, were at the Charterhouse, Charles Lever was being educated in France. Thackeray has thrown tender recollections about his school. Colonel Newcome, you remember, dies as a poor brother of the Charterhouse, as many a good man has died; but we don't think that Leech, Reynolds, or Tupper has said a word about it. That is a good sign in a boy and a man when he takes to his old school, and lets his imagination play fondly about it. The Charterhouse returned the love. We were present at Thackeray's sale when a huge price was given for an old school dictionary of the dead author's, and that was bought for a relic by his old school. Moreover, the authorities there put up two tablets, one to Leech and one to Thackeray. In fifty years John Leech will be forgotten, but Thackeray's name will be greater than ever. Tupper and Reynolds are still alive—the first a scholar and a gentleman, though no poet, the second a most mischievous writer. We don't think the Charterhouse will ever put up tablets to them.

After studying and passing, young Lever was sent to the North of Ireland on a medical commission, and distinguished himself as medical officer in the district of Londonderry, Coleraine, and Newtown Limavady, so that, not long afterwards, he received the appointment of phy-

sician to the Embassy at Brussels, where Sir George Hamilton Seymour was then envoy to the Belgian court. Here he met with many military men, and seems to have made that study of the life of a soldier which has stood him in such good stead.

While at Brussels Mr. Lever made a sudden plunge into literature, and with such success that he "awoke up famous" after a fashion. His first venture, which seems to have been issued by Orr in 1840, was *Harry Lorrequer*, a tale of dash and devilry, which may, in some measure, be regarded as an Irish pendant to Dickens's *Pickwick*. The amount of "spirit" in each of these novels is hardly to be estimated in these sober days. Fun, frolic, adventure; doings which by some would be called vicious, and by others who do not object to the vice would be stigmatized as snobbish, are chronicled with tremendous glee. Drunkenness is a virtue, sobriety a folly, love-making an amiable pastime; and to be surrounded by debt and duns, to set the law at defiance, to duck a sheriff's officer, and to frighten an attorney out of his wits, is the normal state of the Irish Bayard, who is significantly described as "the man for Galway." This fun came upon our cold English intellects like a pleasant douche bath of warmed and perfumed water—or rather whiskey and water. We were refreshed while we were slightly intoxicated, and bought eagerly the monthly instalments in pink covers, which were rendered even more *coleur de rose* by a symbolical design by Phiz. You saw Ireland, not as a dejected damsel, but as the prettiest little shepherdess in the world. Donnybrook fair, then fast dying out, did not represent faction fights, with the hatred of generations fomented rather than healed by the priests, but a few friendly contests with the shillelagh, in which Irish knights, not in steel armour but in long frieze coats, took part, while Biddy as a Queen of Beauty stood ready to crown the gentle, the courteous, and above all the humourous champion. It is asserted that all Lever's stories are drawn from the life. If so, what wonder that we Saxons don't understand the Irish? If not the very safest people—for they are represented as being prodigiously handy with their duelling pistols—to live amongst, they are in Lever's novels certainly the very pleasantest; and if an Englishman will only put up with the good-humoured jest of having day turned into night, and be prepared to jump any amount of stone walls upon an Irish blood horse of prodigious speed and bone, he can live in Paradise in the Green Island.

It is difficult for us to say what contemporary critics thought of Lever's successes, for the *Quarterly* does not notice him, and Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, who has spoken with adulation of forgotten writers, is silent. As for his popularity, it is undoubted. *Harry Lorrequer* paid, and was speedily followed by some charming novels—stories which have poetry, sensation, purity, and extreme interest, not without a dash of history and a certain knowledge of society and high life in them very cunningly mixed. We know of no novels which are at once so interesting and so harmless. Great skill as a *raconteur*, vivacity, wit, humour, in a small degree, and broad fun in a very full degree, distinguish them all. And with the knowledge—saddened by events—that Charles Lever possesses of his countrymen, it is astonishing how cleverly he has concealed their many faults and vices, and how prominently he has put their virtues before the world, and yet without a suspicion of flattery. He is not an old man, but as full of wisdom and spirit as ever. If his judgment be equal to his insight, we should say that he of all men living is the one to be consulted as to the best way of governing Ireland. For years he has lived at a distance from his country, and is not to be deceived by party glamour and that intoxication by excitement which seems to turn the best brains at home. "Papæ! Papæ!" you cry with the Chelsea philosopher, "wonderful indeed!" What, make a novelist a statesman! But let us remember that the most prosaic people in the world, the Spartans, made an old, blind, song-making school-master their general, and that he led them on to glorious victory.

After *Harry Lorrequer* there followed in quick succession *Charles O'Malley*, 1841; *Jack Hinton, the Guardsman*, 1843; *Arthur O'Leary*, 1844; *The O'Donoghue*, 1845; *Tom Burke of Ours*, 1846; *The Knight of Gwynne*, 1847; *Con Cregan, the Irish Gil Blas*, and *Roland Cashel*, 1849; *The Daltons*, 1852; *The Dodd Family Abroad*, 1852; *The Fortunes of Glencore*, 1857; *The Martins of Cromartin*, 1859; *Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune*, and *One of Them*, 1861; *Tales of the Trains*, by Tilbury Tramp, *St. Patrick's Eve*, and more lately, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, *That Boy of Norcotts*—a capital story—and in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the various conversations, notes, epigrammatic turns, and reflections of Cornelius O'Dowd, Esquire. All these have been valuable works—to the booksellers. As to the Public, it has been amused and delighted in a very gentle, honest, open way. Mr. Lever is a gentleman, cleanly and honourable; and, though he has not "eschewed sack," yet he admits no scurrilous lines in his tunes. He has ripened as he has grown older, and got wiser and better as time wears away. He does not write those rattling works now, and even dear old Thackeray, whom we are about to quote, would hardly find anything salient enough to sketch. We quote Thackeray chiefly to give a picture of what Lever can do, for, as that famous hand wrote *George de Barnwell* with greater verve and learning than Bulwer, and surpassed Disraeli in his mock novel of *Codlingsby*, so he threw even Lever into the shade in his burlesque story of *Phil Fogarty*. Don't you know *Phil Fogarty*—perhaps the best bit of good honest humourous fooling out? *Phil* is a genuine brother to *Tom Burke* and *Harry Lorrequer*. We quote Thackeray as the best possible means of conveying in one minute the method of Lever:—

* * * * * *

The gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embrasure, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Jack Delamere, Tom Delancy, Jerry Blake, the Doctor, and myself, sate under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbril. Though Cambacères had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holster; and in the havresack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis we found a loaf of bread, his three days ration. Instead of salt we had gunpowder; and you may be sure wherever the Doctor was a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument case. We sat down and made a soldier's supper. The doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Leger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in Jack Delamere's helmet. "Faith, it never had so much wit in it before," said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening.

Here, too, follows one of the songs in imitation of Lever, who, by the way, writes a capital ditty:

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
O, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
To tuck down pitaties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any strong dthrink
Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This Larry would swallow a pail.

O, many a night at the bowl,
With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old soul
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

Mr. Charles Lever has long become a moderate Conservative, and his opinions upon the Irish Church bill, and his prophetic foreshadowing of the very troubles Ireland now suffers from, are well worth studying. The society he pictured has long passed away. We have now no Mickey Free any more than we have Pickwick's servant, Sam Weller. Happily, too, for us, Stiggins in the lifetime of his portrayer has died out; unhappily, too, the good old Father Tom, the Irish priest who was a gentleman, educated at St. Omer, and with a smack of Parisian breeding in him, has died out too. Instead of that, we have priests educated at Maynooth, the sons of cottiers and the brothers of the poor peasantry who are so misguided and misled. These, too, with an unerring pen, Mr. Cornelius O'Dowd has portrayed, but the pen lacks the old fun; we have grown gradually duller in these serious times.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?

How many times will that be requoted? What Horace demanded has been permitted to Lever, who has not only told the truth with a smiling face, but has brought the tears into many eyes, and with all his fun and frolic has never brought a blush to any cheek. He has not attempted to preach; he has not been either a stoic or a cynic. His philosophy is rather of the garden of Epicurus, and the enjoyment he teaches is that of manliness and reason, and for good, clean, wholesome reading, which will leave no headache nor heartache, and no dregs within the mind, commend us to Charles Lever. Messrs. Smith and Son seem to have a monopoly of his novels, and they are to be bought on every railway stall. Reader, instead of the new prurient half-crown's worth, buy *Tom Burke* or *Harry Lorrequer* for two shillings, and be happy.

THEATRICAL STATISTICS.

DETERMINED not to be outdone by Mr. Bright in the statistical returns supplied by the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. James Lea, President of the Board of Theatrical Refreshments, has ordered returns to be made of the crops raised in his department. From these we learn that, on the whole, the season has been a successful one. The Hay(market) crop was very good, both in quantity and quality. Farmer Ashfield, Sir Robert Bramble, Sir Charles Cropland, and other eminent agriculturists did very well, and the yield from New Men and Old Acres was large. Mr. Kendal's Surface crop was good, and Joseph also showed us Howe to do it. Oat(h)s were rather abundant in some of the old comedy pastures. The root and mangold crops were good. Miss Christine Nilsson showed a good specimen of a Swedish turn-up, and mangled corpses were plentiful in Hamlet and Othello. The latter part of the season has not been so favourable on the Peter Street farms. The foreign supplies mostly failed, and the Italian, French, and American receipts were very scanty. Rob Roy stole no more sheep, but he succeeded in stealing a march upon the prompter, by rushing upon the stage when he ought to have been in Glasgow Tolbooth. The fruit season was an average one. Oranges and apples have been abundant in the pit and gallery, and Mr. H. Thompson had a good supply of Cherries and Plums in the Waterman. The Right Hon. James has himself provided a good supply of malt, and hops will be abundant at Christmas.

On the Prince's estate in Oxford Street, the harvest has been a good one. Last winter's yield was very large, and naturally enough, after the holidays, people went back to School. Tripe and onions have been abundant in Windmill Street, and that description of the former edible called in Scotland, Monopolies, was very good at the Prince's, and cock-a-leekie was partaken of every night by Mr. Calvert as King Jamie, during the reign of the King O' Scots. For some weeks in summer (B)rough weather prevailed, and the receipts were small, but The Winter told a different Tale. Sothern winds set in and brought in large quantities of rich yellow grain. Mr. Toole also reaped and Michael Garnered a golden harvest. Mr. Raymond as Uncle Ben partook freely of gin, and had D.T. in consequence. We do not allude to the *Daily Telegraph*, but to what Mr. Toole facetiously describes as the Delicious Trimmings. In the same performance Mr. Wainwright, as Bob Gassit, drank an enormous quantity of stage sherry, but as it only consisted of very weak cold tea, it did him no injury. Draughts of cold air are very plentiful in the dress circle, accompanied by the loud noise of people running up and down stairs to the refreshment room. A fine old Moorish clipper from Venice came into port a few weeks since, with the steam up and colours flying, and conveying by far the richest wines and fruit of the season. Cassio got very drunk in consequence.

The Land of Cakes has been well represented at the Free Trade Hall. Many "right gude wullie-waughts" have been taken, and there has been plenty of "cauld kail in Aberdeen, and bannocks in Strathbogie."

A DEBATE AT OWENS COLLEGE UNION.

THE members of the Owens College Union are of three orders, the professors and a few others ranking as honorary members; the students, past and present, as ordinary; and those who have left the district as corresponding members. The rule of the society is vested in the president—Mr. Greenwood, the principal of the College—and a committee, whose members are chosen by ballot. The ballot plays an important part in the regulation of the society, and the Owens College Union Ballot Box is a prominent object in the entrance hall. The work of the union is carried on at fortnightly meetings. At each meeting, amongst other business (or pleasure), a paper or essay is read, and a discussion more or less lively follows. Formerly, we are told, the subjects chosen erred in the direction of extreme quietness, and the discussions might have been suspected of a tendency towards dreariness. We have before us the programme of the union for the session 1869-70. If any fear is now to be expressed, it will be that the subjects are a trifle too rollicking. Youthful essayists are not generally influenced by over scrupulous modesty. We find the most profound problems of society, politics, literature, and law, set down for discussion, and each will, in its turn, doubtless receive a perfectly satisfactory solution. Last week Owens College Union undertook to consider the Welsh Established Church, and was to affirm or negative the motion "that the Church of England in Wales should be disestablished and disendowed"—with what result we have not heard. Female Education was discussed three weeks ago, and before that the Union was asked to declare that "the London University Degree Examinations were unsound in principle." On other occasions such subjects as Trial by Jury and the Ballot are to be introduced. On the 25th of March, 1870—it is well to be accurate in a matter probably involving such vast considerations—Mr. H. Southward will say something about the "Aristocracy," and will move "that in the present state of English civilization the Aristocracy, as now constituted, is neither necessary nor desirable." If Owens College Union is at all consistent, there can be no doubt of the result of this important motion, for if past divisions express the present feeling of the society, the Union is violently and unflinchingly radical. At another meeting, "Poetry: what it is," will have to be considered. Happily, it appears to us, there is not an entire absence of quieter topics. There are down such subjects as "Student Life at the English and Foreign Universities," by Professor Wilkins; "Outlines of the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by Mr. Watts; and "European Poets of the Middle Ages," by Mr. Smith.

Some few weeks ago we spent an evening with Owens College Union. The proceedings were begun in a seemingly satisfactory manner by a "stand-up" tea, served in the Students' Room, something after six o'clock. In eating and drinking together—operations performed with a heartiness which made one wonder how, if the majority of members attend, the very moderate subscription can by any possibility allow a surplus—the great part of the sociability of the evening's proceedings appears to consist. Students stand about with comparative cheerful-

ness, and are apparently rather enjoying themselves. At seven the door of the library is opened with due solemnity. Members speedily enter, to the number of perhaps forty-five or fifty, and seat themselves. They seem already to feel a little depressed, a feeling perhaps in part owing to the wretched light. "Hoyle" enters next, with serious face becoming the occasion, bearing the traditional bottle of water and glass. Then the essayist, who has probably been hiding himself away during the previous part of the evening, advances in a state of palpable nervousness and anxiety; some one is voted into the chair, and work begins. It appears to be the fashion for the essayist to commence by throwing himself on the mercy of the audience, on the plea that unforeseen circumstances have prevented his devoting the necessary time to his paper. But as he has in general every word written down, and carefully reads from his manuscript, his plight is never hopelessly bad. The particular essay to which we listened was not, we may hope, a favourable example of what is generally offered. Apart from unacknowledged quotations, it was not very interesting or instructive, and was very inconsequent and illogical in manner and arrangement of thought. Though every one was polite enough to appear attentive, it was with lugubrious faces.

At the close of the essay we expected a dismal pause, but a young gentleman promptly rose, and, after explaining that he was sacrificing himself, proceeded to criticize the paper. He was not particularly eloquent, but had hit upon some of the weak points of the opening paper, and his remarks appeared to strike the key-note of the discussion. There was no lack of speakers. There were confident speakers always ready to rise and explain, and nervous ones who wanted the power of explaining themselves intelligently; speakers who had nothing to say and said it, and those who appeared to have something on their minds but were quite unable to speak it. Eloquence of a high order it would, of course, be absurd to expect. But the power of neat and appropriate expression of thought, however simple and unambitious, was by no means general. All appeared to consider that they were in duty bound to say something, and many were rendered contemptible by the consciousness that they had very little idea what that something was to be. The prevalent feeling seemed to be one of dejection, rather than of keen enjoyment. It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to judge by the experience of a single evening, for we may have been exceptionally unfortunate in the occasion of our visit. But, so far as we have had opportunity of judging, it is quite possible to imagine a more cheerful way of spending the evening.

THE ALLEGED DISABILITIES OF JOURNALISTS.

A DEPUTATION has recently waited upon Lord Hatherley, to call his attention to the nominal disability of the proprietors of provincial newspapers to serve as justices of the peace for boroughs and counties. Probably our readers were not aware that such a disability existed. We have called it nominal, but it is virtually practical, for the moment a man is called to the very responsible position of pronouncing an opinion upon public affairs, either daily or weekly, from that moment the Government is supposed to have before it an insuperable bar to putting that man upon the commission of the peace. He may be a recorder or a county court judge, but he cannot be what is usually called by the vulgar "a beak." This is curious, but it is true; and if we say that it is a part of the British Constitution, that is abundant reason why, in the minds of many persons, it should be sacred. The practical exclusion from sitting at petty sessions extends, also, to solicitors and attorneys who are still pursuing their profession. This, however, may be a protectionist move on the part of the gentlemen of the long robe who, were the lower branch of the profession allowed to be magistrates, would miss that stipendiary elevation which the suckling barrister always has his eye upon.

It is assumed that good moral character and respectability of position offer the chief reasons for elevation to the magistracy. Occasionally, perhaps, the golden calf gets on to the magisterial bench—because he is golden, not because he is a calf. It would be wild romance to pretend that brains, or intellect, or anything of that nature, governed the Home Office or the Lord-Lieutenants in all cases. Eliminating, therefore, the brains as a species of amateur casuals, is it pretended that there are not editors who have good characters, good positions, good means, who could not be trusted to fine a man 5s. for being drunk, or to grant or refuse a license to an innkeeper, or to decide upon an affiliation case? As we understand the objection to proprietors and editors in this relation, it is this—that they, being recorders of and commentators upon the administration of justice, it is not proper that they should have the faculty of approving their own decisions in their own newspapers. Perhaps a sillier or more frivolous objection was never put forward upon a public question. The character of a journalist is generally indicated in not, in his paper. The man who privately is honourable and upright will small matters or in great, be otherwise in his capacity as conductor of a newspaper. It would be as indecent for a man to use his journal for buttressing an unworthy magisterial decision, as to persist in sitting upon the bench to decide upon a plaint in which he was a party. We hear constant eulogies upon the fourth estate. It is toasted at public dinners. It is exalted when the educational agencies of the empire are discussed. And yet, whilst butchers and bakers and candlestickmakers are every day elevated, as it is called, to the magisterial dignity, the members of this much-vaunted fourth estate are ignominiously barred therefrom. Only if a man happen to be elected mayor can he be permitted to sit during his term of office as a magistrate. The mayoral door affords an entrance which otherwise would be closed.

We are somewhat astonished that so little has been done by the press at large to show up this grave defect in the administration of justice. Do the members of the press consider that this is a small disability, and that it is beneath their notice? That surely ought not to be. How much soever the dignity of the magistracy may have suffered from recent political manœuvres, the principle remains intact which, from the early days of English history, has ordained that men of weight and influence and position—to go no farther—should assist in the administration of justice in their several localities, and we at all events must stand by what we consider the rights of the craft. If we were called upon, as we might be, to sit as a portion of a jury in an important case, it might be our duty to comment in our character as public writers upon that case, but the arguments we should use would not be the less cogent because we happened to have expressed them previously in our voices as jurymen, whether those arguments had or had not been represented by the verdict. It would be, perhaps, in the estimation of our readers, a wild conjecture to suppose the SPHINX sitting at the Borough Court by the side of Mr. Headlam, with a suckling cotton-spinner, son of Dives, on the other side of the learned stipendiary. Perhaps it would be easier for the people of Manchester to conceive a *Guardian*, or an *Examiner*, or a *Courier* performing such duties. But seriously, is it not an anomaly that men like Mr. John Edward Taylor, or Mr. Ireland, or Mr. Sowler should—if they were willing—not sit there, when we have witnessed the indiscriminate pitchforking of the last two years. That is the way to look at it. The men we have named have actually given hostages for their ability and their character by long and diligent public services, which, regardless of political opinion, we all gladly recognize, and yet it is coolly pretended that they cannot properly be justices of the peace.

Why are not journalists excluded from the House of Commons? And if they make the laws, why cannot they administer them? Why should we be eligible for the High Court of Parliament and ineligible for the high borough court? We challenge a solution of this enigma, and we say that acting editors and registered proprietors let down their honourable calling in tamely submitting to a state of things worthy only of the days when the press was cabined, cribbed, and confined, by swaddling clothes which, in most other particulars, they have long since ignominiously rejected and consumed.

HEATON MERSEY CHURCH.

A correspondent, writing in reference to our article, "Rambles about Burnage," says the case of the candidates for ordination at St. John's Church is not quite so bad as was represented. By commencing the service at ten, and making a few alterations in it, such as reading instead of chanting the psalms, the service is concluded nearly two hours earlier than the time we mentioned. A special conveyance carries the candidates to and from Heaton Mersey, and hospitable entertainment *is* provided for them by the rector. As to the ordinary service at St. John's, the writer says:—"The custom is to have a plain service in the morning and a musical one in the evening, when there is 'warmth' enough."

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THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I beg to enclose a part of an article in your paper of Dec. 3rd, "Rambles about Barnage," and shall feel obliged if you will at some future time correct a mistake you made. I feel sure it was for want of information, and not any ill-will to the Convent; and as your paper is widely circulated, it might cause an erroneous impression on the minds of some of your readers, and also injury to the Convent.

In the first place you are mistaken in the building. The pile of building you allude to are three distinct places: the first the Catholic Chapel and Schools, the next the residence (or chapel house) of the Very Rev. Provost Croskell, Vicar-General of the Diocese, the other, enclosed in a garden, is the residence of a private gentleman not a Catholic. The large gateway on the opposite side of the road is the entrance to the Convent Good Shepherd, of which I will now give you an account. It is a Home and Refuge for penitent and fallen women, who gain their livelihood by washing and plain sewing. The Convent has been established about two years, and has been supported by both Protestants and Catholics in finding them employment. The sisters who have devoted their lives to this work of charity and love are ladies who, when in the world, held a high position; some of them are daughters of our first nobility. They have come among us to save the fallen ones, and have already brought comfort to many weary souls. Their present Home is too small for the number of applicants. They have purchased land in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park, where they purpose erecting a Convent capable of receiving all those who seek its shelter, and I trust you will see an account of the laying of the foundation stone the beginning of the year.—I enclose my card, and am, yours,

A LADY.

Levenshulme, Dec. 3.

MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Mr. B. A. Gregory, Scholar of Brazenose College, Oxford, has obtained a first class in Classics in the class list just published by the moderators.

The manager of a country theatre, peeping through the curtains between the acts, was surprised by a glimpse of the empty benches. "Why, good gracious!" said he, turning to the prompter, "where is the audience?" "He has just stepped out to get a mug of beer," was the reply.

WOMEN'S ATTIRE.—If women would only let their own hair be just bound down as a natural covering to their heads when out of doors, would clothe their bodies sensibly without pinching themselves into hideously unnatural shapes, would wear well-shaped boots in which they might walk comfortably and taste the pleasures of exercise, there would soon be an end to that representative class of the female sex about whom doctors know a great deal. The race of chlorotic girls, of ailing wives, and inefficient mothers, would be improved. The scrofulous, consumptive, dyspeptic, pimpled women who crowd the physicians' waiting-rooms, and swallow every advertised remedy, from Parr's pills to Pancreatic emulsion, would no longer need medicine.—*Lancet.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In the article on the Court of Record last week, "the solitary member of the bar who has been *punished* by the Manchester press," should have read "solitary member of the bar who has been *furnished* by the Manchester press." In the article on the Blind Asylum Chapel, "memorité attributo" should be "memoriter attributo." The name of the Jesuit father to whom a memorial has been erected by the boys at Stoneyhurst should be Father Clough, not Clarke.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE—Trenches on party politics, with which we have nothing to do.

S. C.—An article on the subject has already been written, and will shortly appear. One or two of S. C.'s suggestions shall have attention. Thanks.

J. BROWN.—His statement is inaccurate. No mention whatever was made about the manager or a manager, and consequently no injustice was done.

SQUARE HEADED NAILS.—Unsuitable.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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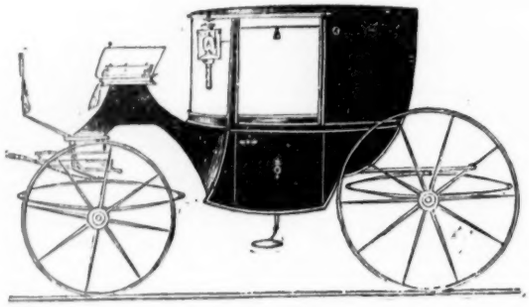

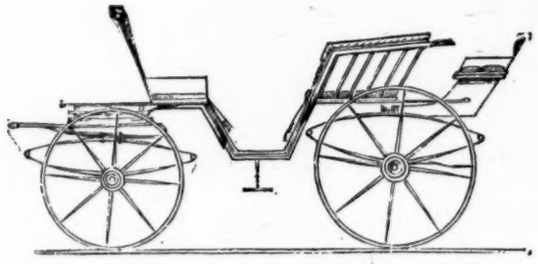

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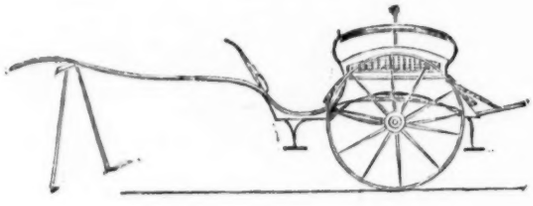

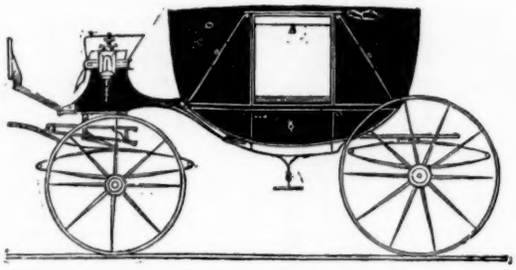

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THE FORTY THIEVES.—Charles Kean used to tell a story that in the representation by a provincial theatrical company of *Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves*, a single horseman, who represented the whole band on horseback, pranced across the stage in horse-trapping, and hurried behind the scenes to reappear each time more breathless than before. Having performed thirty-nine circuits he was satisfied; but the audience, who saw the trick, and counted the appearances, shouted for the fortieth thief.

MACAULAY IN SEVEN DIALS.—Lord Macaulay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street singers, who were bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished to find himself followed by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now then, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Oh, that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way!' "But what are you waiting for?" said the historian, astonished at the lad's familiarity. "Waiting for! why, ain't you going to sing, guv'ner?"

ORIGIN OF OX-TAIL SOUP.—Mr. Smiles, in his work on *The Huguenots*, states that England owes the introduction of ox-tail soup into the national bill of fare to the French artisans who settled in London at the end of the seventeenth century. "French workpeople," Mr. Smiles remarks, "are better economists than the English, and less sufficed for their wants. They were satisfied if they could keep a roof over their heads, a clean fireside, and the *pot-au-feu* going. What Englishmen despised as food they could make a meal of, for they brought with them from France the art of cooking—the art of economising nutriment, and at the sime time presenting it in the most savoury forms,—an art almost entirely unknown even at this day in the homes of English workmen, and a source of enormous waste. Before the arrival of the refugees, the London butchers sold their bullocks' hides to the fellmongers always with the tails on. The tails were thrown away, and wasted. Who could ever dream of eating ox-tails? The refugees profited by the delusion. They obtained the tails, enriched their *pots-au-feu* with them, and revelled in the now well-known delicacy of ox-tail soup." In this single trait we see the national character of the two nations.

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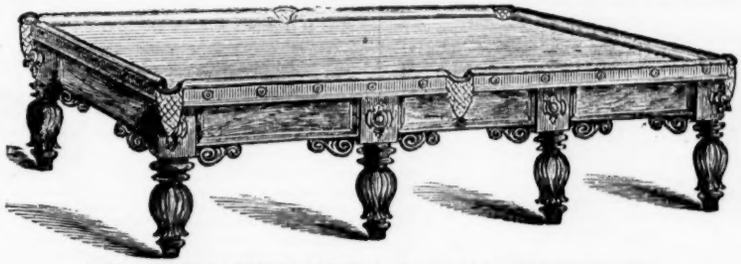
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GINS — For full description of each see Book of Prices

		Per Bottle	Page
Castle UP	GIN . . 33 *under proof* . .	2/0	20
Castle OE	GIN . . 17 *under proof* . .	2 5	20
Castle Proof	GIN . . *proof*	2 10	20

The above can be had either Sweetened or Unsweetened

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Castle D	Cognac . 33 *under proof* . .	2 10	22
Castle E	Cognac . 17 *under proof* . .	3 4	22
Castle F	Cognac . *proof*	4 0	22
Castle FO 33	Cognac . *Old* 33 *under proof* .	3 2	22
Castle FO pf.	Cognac . *Old. proof* . . .	4 8	22
COGNAC BRANDY	(L'Or Extrait du Vin) *proof*	5 0	23

The above can be had either Pale or Brown

BRANDIES *(not Cognac Brandies)*

Castle UP	Brandy . 33 *under proof* . .	2 2	23
Castle UV	Brandy . 17 *under proof* . .	2 7	23
Castle Proof	Brandy . *proof*	3 0	23

The above can be had either Pale or Brown

SCOTCH WHISKIES

Castle UP	Whiskey 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	24
Castle UV	Whiskey 17 *under proof* . .	2 6	24
Castle Proof	Whiskey *proof*	2 11	24
Castle SO 33	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2 3	24
Castle SO pf.	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	24

IRISH WHISKIES

Castle UP	Whiskey 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	25
Castle UV	Whiskey 17 *under proof* . .	2 6	25
Castle Proof	Whiskey *proof*	2 11	25
Castle DO 33	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2/3	25
Castle DO pf.	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	25

JAMAICA RUMS

Castle UP	Rum . . 33 *under proof* . .	2 1	20
Castle UV	Rum . . 17 *under proof* . .	2 6	20
Castle Proof	Rum . . *proof*	2 11	20
Castle JO 33	Rum . . *Old* 33 *under proof*	2 3	20
Castle JO pf.	Rum . . *Old. proof* . . .	3 1	20
Castle White	Rum . . *Old. proof* . . .	3 1	20

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